



FEBRUARY 1965

PATHFINDER



P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT
SASKATCHEWAN

DEVOTED TO THE
INTEREST
OF THE INMATE

PATHFINDER

SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

Editor
Billy Peacock

Art
Roy Armstrong

Circulation
Jack Miller

Rod McDonald

Production
Gary Mack

Dave Straker

Doug Bevans
Dan Hadden

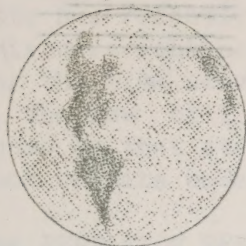
Contributors
Gerry Huppe

Russ Fortin
Carl Rumohr

Liaison Officer:- Mr. J.L.M. Donahue

Permission was granted by Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allen J. McLeod for the publication and distribution of *PATHFINDER* under the auspices of Warden J.H. Weeks and the Supervisor of Education, Mr. R.D. Dunning.

Subscription Rate \$1.00 per Twelve, monthly issues.



PATHFINDER

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL.....	Billy Peacock	2
NEWS FLASHES.....	Reprints	3
PAGE FRANCAISE.....	S. Bidoche	4
REPRINT OF THE MONTH.....	The Forum	6
SPORTS.....	Gerry Huppe	8
SHOP TOUR.....	Blackie Wihnon	10
NUTS & I.....	Russ Fortin	12
INSIDE LOOKING OUT.....	Doug Bevans	14
INQUIRER'S BEAT.....	Inmates	16
ADD CAN.....	Book of Minutes	19
SHORT STORY.....	F. Stevenson	20
FARM CORNER.....	Danny Hadden	22
LOOKING BACK.....	Young J.C.	24
CARTOON.....	Roy Armstrong	26
PENAL PRESS REVIEW.....	Dave Straker	28

Pathfinder is published by and for the inmates of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Permission is hereby granted to reprint articles originating in this magazine. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Administration nor the Pathfinder staff. All manuscripts submitted for publications must be signed by the author. Please address enquiries to;

Pathfinder Box 160 Prince Albert Saskatchewan Canada.

editorial

By the time this magazine is placed on your bars, stuck in your mail slot; or laid on some harried Editor's desk, Canada's bold, new flag will be a familiar sight to all of Canada and most of the world. It will instil in us a greater faith, a firmer belief, and a stronger sense of proprietorship in a land that deserves a more fervent type of passion than the mild praise we so quietly grant it. Let us, through a proud past, give this banner the love, respect and dignity that was shown its predecessor; and, let us also forget our preferences, and join instead in some plain, simple bragging over this flag and the country that it represents.

On February, the fifteenth, at eleven o'clock, in a ceremony attended by 150 officers, the new flag was raised on the pole that had held aloft for a half-century the beloved Union Jack. It was a history making day that we all felt, however; as this ceremony was held outside of the wall, patriotism had to suffer and take a back seat to security, so the majority of us, except those on north-facing ranges, have still to see the flag and mutter comments.

The nineteenth century image of the convict as a coarse, ignorant 'Fagin' is slowly being erased from the public mind. Today, through well stocked libraries, periodicals and dailies, the average inmate is as well read and informed, on world affairs and national politics, as his outside brother. Reading is our mistress, and who, after all, has as much leisure as us.

Throughout the flag-raising-furor of the past year we have read with displeasure terms such as 'hardened criminal' and 'habitual criminal' --- words which contradict another word --- rehabilitation. That steel and cement will tend to 'harden' a person after a period of years (if we allow it) we do not deny, but, we do, and must, refuse a cold term which implies in meaning that we cannot change.

The flag then is to us, regardless of political choice, a change. It is, we believe, a progressive step towards a type of Canadianism. An aggressive, forward Canadianism which will break through walls of inertia and build walls of understanding. This to us makes our new flag a thing of beauty.

Mass., U.S.: The state legislature of Massachusetts has recently passed a bill which credits prisoners sentenced to correctional institutions for the time served while awaiting trial.

The new bill is retroactive and applies to those in that state who haven't already received such credits under existing laws.

The PENDLETON REFLECTOR: The John Howard Association (U.S.) a non-profit, rehabilitation organization, recently announced that it will urge state laws to be amended to allow released prisoners or parolees to draw unemployment compensation immediately upon release.

WASHINGTON: Two influential senate judiciary subcommittees have asked Congress to reform bail procedures that put thousands behind bars each year "not because they are guilty.....of a crime, but because they cannot afford to post bond."

UTAH: A therapy group of 10 to 14 inmates, on release from this state's prison, meet once a week to discuss their problems with a group psychologist. Most of these men are "losers" and are only given a statistical 20% chance of staying out of prison - but, at the present time, 80% of this group are making good on their parole.

SWEDEN: A factory has been designed to produce pre-fabricated houses in prison. This factory prison will employ 120 prisoners. They will be paid regular industrial wages from \$1,400 to as much as \$2,000 annually. Deduction will be made for taxes, room and board and a regular allowance for the support of their families. Prisoners will be allowed some week-end passes to visit their families. (In Sweden, 75% of convicted persons are serving out their sentences on probation.)

OTTAWA: The Canadian Corrections Association has suggested that federal prisoners receive a wage equivalent to 20% of union wages paid civilians.

**N
E
W
S**

**F
L
A
S
H
E
S**

PAGE FRANCAISE

La France-Versus-Les Etats-Unis

Le General De Gaulle, Président de la Cinquième République est un énigme et un grand malade pour la grande majorité d'Américains pour la simple raison qu'ils (les Américains) ne veulent pas admettre que désormais la France n'est plus celle qu'ils ont connues en 1944 - 45, mais qu'elle est bel et bien sur un pied d'égalité avec les Etats - Unis.

Les Américains devraient savoir que De Gaulle ne peut être compris que dans le cadre des événements de la seconde guerre mondiale, qui ont formé le De Gaulle que le monde connaît aujourd'hui. En effet, il ne faut pas oublier que sur le plan politico-militaire de 1944 - 45, le Président Roosevelt c'est accordé avec Staline pour empêcher que la France siège à Yalta, et qu'à cette conférence, Churchill a du faire preuve d'une violence extrême pour réussir à faire accepter que la France ait droit à une zone d'occupation en Allemagne.

Les Américains ne doivent pas oublier que Roosevelt a commis une faute grave en jouant sa carte d'amitié avec Staline, dans ce sens que Staline n'a jamais reconnu et fait d'autre chose qu'une politique de forces et d'action qui avait déjà prouvé son efficacité, en conséquence Roosevelt aurait dû comprendre que sa carte d'amitié ne pouvait que se briser contre le masque de fer de Staline. A la conférence de Yalta, Staline a dit de la France "C'est désormais un petit pays qui n'a pris aucune part à notre victoire." Et Roosevelt de dire de De Gaulle, "C'est un intraitable qui se prend à la fois pour Jeanne d'Arc et Clemenceau." Sachant qu'il ne pourrait pas aller à la conférence de Yalta, De Gaulle n'a trouvé qu'un moyen spectaculaire de protester contre cette conférence, il a refusé de rencontrer Roosevelt à Alger sur le chemin de retour du Président, qui était en route pour les Etats-Unis.

De Gaulle n'a jamais oublié le manque de confiance du Président Roosevelt envers la France libre et d'autant plus que cette méfiance était entièrement partagée par le Département d'Etat et son secrétaire Cordell Hull, alors il est bon de souvenir que le désaccord qui sépare aujourd'hui la France des Etats-Unis, est une extension de la grande lutte pour l'indépendance que De Gaulle a mené contre Roosevelt il y a déjà vingt ans. S. Bidoche

FRANCE versus THE UNITED STATES

s. bidoche

General DeGaulle, President of the Fifth Republic, is to the large majority of the American people an enigma with unhealthy attitudes, for the simple reason that they (the Americans) do not want to admit that from now on, France is not the same as the one they have known in 1944-45 but, that she is now, all in all, on equal footing with the United States.

The American people should know that a true picture of DeGaulle cannot be formed from his actions within the frame of events of the Second World War, that have made of DeGaulle the man that the people think they know to-day. In fact, one shouldn't forget that regarding the political military plan of 1944-45, President Roosevelt agreed, with Stalin, that France should not be allowed to sit in Yalta, and that, at that conference, Churchill had to take extreme measures in order to succeed in having accepted the fact that France be allowed a zone of occupation in Germany.

The American people should not forget that Roosevelt committed a serious mistake in playing his friendly game with Stalin, in the sense that Stalin never did recognize or try anything but political policy of force, and action, that already had proved its efficiency. Roosevelt therefore, should have seen his friendly manoeuvres could only squash themselves against Stalin's iron mask. At the conference in Yalta, Stalin said of France: "At present France is just a small country of no consequence that has in no way contributed towards our victory." And Roosevelt said of DeGaulle: "He is an unpredictable person who simultaneously thinks he is Joan of Arc and Clemencia."

Knowing that he could not attend the conference at Yalta, DeGaulle could find only one spectacular means of protesting against this conference, and that was to refuse to meet Roosevelt at Algiers that was on President Roosevelt's way on his return trip to the United States.

DeGaulle never forgot President Roosevelt's lack of confidence-towards free France, in as much as this lack of confidence was entirely shared by the State Department and its secretary, Cordell Hull.

It is therefore good to remember that the rift to-day separating France from the United States can be traced back to the fight for independence that DeGaulle waged against Roosevelt Twenty years ago.

MAINTAIN REPRINT OF THE LITERATURE

WHY LITTLE RED

RIDING HOOD

HAS FLEAS IN HER

BEARD

via THE FORUM - Lincoln, Nebraska

ED'S NOTE: In this day and age of supersonic flights, phonovision, and the like, it seems as if everything including Fairy Tales have adopted a touch of modernization. PATHFINDER ran across this updated version of Red Riding Hood printed below.

Once upon a scene, a chick named Red Riding Hood was sent by her old lady to her grandma's pad to lay a basket of goodies on the old gal which included bagels, lox, cream cheese, and a bottle of 100 proof-cough medicine, chocolates, strawberry flavored pizza and a chicken-fat popsicle. Halfway through Woodsville, the chick was accosted by a wolf, which for her was par for the course.

"Like what's your cognomen?" asked the wolf.

"Red Riding Hood," said the chick.

"Crazy," said the wolf. "Where'd you latch on to the kookie handle?"

"Like I'm named for these crazy crimson threads I'm dragging," explained Red.

"Endsville," shouted the beast. "Where could I find a hood like that?"

"You want a hood? See Elliot Ness!" cracked the chick, and she hip-ped leaving the wolf drooling.

- SCENE TWO -

Clearingsville....Red Riding Hood pulls up in front of her grandma's pad, enters, and walks into the wall with her basket of goodies.

"Man," shouts Red, "It's as dark as Birdland in here. What's going on...a Zen meeting?"

"Sorry, baby," shouts the wolf, faking out as the old lady. "I'm hung up with the virus bit!"

"I dig," says Red. "Which way to the bar?"

"Over here on the slab, sweetie," groans the wolf. "Like I'm beat,

did you bring me some bread?"

"No, only food, granny," sings out the chick.

"Don't put me on, baby," wails the wolf, " and move in closer so I don't miss the solo."

So Red Riding Hood moves closer to her grandma's Castro convertible, saying, "Straighten me, Granny, you've got big eyes."

"Doesn't everybody?" cracks the wolf. "The better to dig your frantic frame baby!"

"But, Granny," shouts Red. "What's with the wild ears?"

"Cool it honey," calls out the wolf, "the better to dig your too-much jazz!"

"Granny, what hip hands you have!" cries Red.

"Man, like I need 'em to play with the 4-H Club!" cracks the wolf.

"The 4-H Club?" asks Red.

"Yeah," says the beast, " meaning Hampton (Lionel), Hackett (Bobby) Hawkins (Coleman) and Hefti (Neal)."

"But Granny doll," screams the chick, " what an embouchure you got there...wall to wall chops."

"The better to swallow you, baby!" howls the wolf, leaving his slab as if it were a launching pad.

"Like help!" shouts Red.

Just then a free-lance woodman passes the pad, digs the scene, and rushes in.

"Save me woodman!" wails Red.

"Like how?" inquires the woodman.

"Did you bring your axe?" screams Red.

"Yeah," says the woodman, uncrating his trombone. "But I forgot my cabaret card."

"Well," moans Red, "Don't you know Grandma's been eaten by a wolf?"

"No I don't," he answers, "But whistle a couple of bars, and maybe I can fake it."

STATISTICS - JANUARY - 1965

Admitted by Warrants of Commitment.....	40
Parolees Returned.....	0
Released on Expiration.....	22
Released on Parole.....	5
Escaped.....	0
Transferred to other Institutions.....	2
Transferred from " ".....	1

COUNT - January 31, 1965: Farm Annex.....87
Main Inst.....679
TOTAL.....778

SPORTS

gerry huppe

Greetings Sports Fans!

With hockey schedules completed and playoffs in full swing, inside these huge prison walls, we will start off this month's sports by giving our choice of Honored players for the past hockey season.

Our choice, with the assistance of some of the Managers as Most Valuable Player of "A" League going to Stan Bergen, with Brian Ball a close second as well as Norm Roy.

Rookie of The Year Award going to Brian Ball for "A" League.

Most Improved Player has to be awarded to Long Andy Creighton.

"B" League Honor List.

Most Valuable Player and receiving 8 votes of a possible 10, goes to Gene Groulx of the Flicks.

Rookie of The Year was a tie with 7 votes each between Bob Gaucher-Goalie of the Mustangs and the Scoring Champion - Don Stromberg of the Flicks.

Most Improved Player award to Hank (Henry) Laliberte of the Mustangs.

Sportsman of The League awarded to Larry Matthews.

N. H. L. Hockey

A reply to the Sports Editor's question by Hockey Reporter-Bob Gaucher

To answer the first part of this question, namely, is it right for Canada to send second - rate teams to the World Amateur Hockey Competition?

I must answer an exuberant NO! I feel that it is Canada's duty, as the originators of the game and as the country who claims hockey as its National Sport, to send a better calibre representative. By being a patsy and sending over second rate teams, we not only lose prestige in Europe but leave doubts in Canada, whether our hockey superiority is really so far above our foreign competitors. What can be done about it? I will now attempt to add my opinions to an already controversial subject.

First of all, I think that Canada must take a more rigid stand in her policy towards The World Hockey Federation. It was fine when the competition first started, to grant the wish of our foes, in so much as our supremacy was unchallenged. But the Russian's recent tour has

(continued on next page)

proven this is no longer the case. Therefore, first and foremost, the revision of the Amateur Status Rule must be changed. Outside of the Russians who play hockey eight months of the year and train the other four; even the Swedish International Stars cannot be classified as amateurs. When a man makes \$20,000.00 in endorsements and such in one year, as a Swedish Star did, I'm sure he is no longer strictly an amateur. Therefore, conceding the point that we are playing amateurs against, at the least, semi-pros, we must change our ways of selection. If the Canadian people are not willing to support a National Team, could not the N.H.L. subsidize a club? My suggestion would be for the selection of Canada's best Juniors to be gathered together to comprise this team. Such players as Fran Huck, former Oil King's Butch Iaul, Butch Barber and Max Mestensik, members of last year's Memorial Cup Winners-The Marlboros, such as Ron Ellis and Rod Seiling and a few of our present Nationals, Gary Dineen and Roger Bourbonnais. With these type of hockey players, Canada would be represented by a clearer picture of our talents. These future and present N.H.L. players would be a great boost over the has-beens, have-nots-and-never-will-have, type of player that is currently mis-representing Canada, Father Bauer had the idea in using youthful players but such restrictions as were imposed (being a University Student) clearly cuts down the number of candidates. I thus leave you with the hope that Canada, in the near future, will wake up and once again put the upstarts in their proper place;--- Explicitly, second!

Next month, our question of the month will be answered by Ron Westad, covering our Track and Field representatives in Canada. Questions of this nature are welcome and should be forwarded to The Sports Editor in care of the PATHFINDER.
You the Public:

What is recreation in a place like this? First of all, all inmates work all day in this Penitentiary. Any recreational activities are held from 6:00 pm to 8:30 pm except Saturday and Sunday. We are permitted to take part in such activities as hockey, curling, softball etc. By doing so, inmates who are locked up in a cell have a means of releasing tension, by so doing, eliminating past disturbances which were so common in places such as this.

The men who take part in hockey or softball or curling, buy their own equipment, so therefore, no taxpayer can complain here as far as expense is concerned.

Newspaper reporters and radio newscasters should encourage recreational participation in places like this.

So, until next month, no mollycoddling please. Good Sports to all.

NOW FOR
SHOP^A TOUR



blackie wihnon

If you have occasion to be in any Institution, you will become aware that two departments are by far the focal points, and these are the Kitchen and the Laundry, or as we call it here, the Change Room. That is where I work, and since after four years, I am still puzzled about what goes on in the Kitchen, I would not be able to do that department justice.

First of all the Change Room gets its name simply because this is the place that everyone comes at least once a week to get a bath and a change of clothes, but this isn't all there is to the shop. All the Laundry is done here, and if you are in need of a haircut, then this is also provided, in a four-chair shop. But let's quote some statistics to show you what is done here.

In the fiscal year of 1963-64, we find that 1,060 bed-sheets were made, along with 700 pillow slips, 650 shop towels, 150 mattresses, 150 pillows, 4,800 pairs of sox, and 8,000 clothing labels made and used. Along with this - 3,500 pairs of sox were repaired, and 1,500-labour hours were spent in repairing clothes, 458,000 lbs. (dry wt.)-- of bed linen and clothes washed, and 9,000 haircuts given to men.

Let's break the shop into departments, and find out what each one does, and why not start with the laundry. With two washers and two -- spin dryers, it keeps the two men running them as busy as a one-armed paper hanger (square John type) and yet they keep smiling. I haven't found out why yet - what there is to smile about, doing 458,000 lbs. of wash. Roy says he has chapped hands all the way to his knees. From here the clothes go to the three dryers, all of which are the tumble-style of dryer. Two of these are modern, but the third & biggest is right off the Ark, and so is the guy that runs it.....I understand that the Man made a swap with Noah - a bag of used bagels

and a chastity belt for the dryer. Noah then parlayed this into a three-ring circus, now called Barnum and Bailey. Strange as it seems, I have never seen this machine break down. I don't say it hasn't. I just say I have never seen it. Now there are also two steam presses and a mangle. Yes, I thought a mangle was something to eat too, but that's what they call it. These machines take care of all the linen and Kitchen whites --- a big job in itself.

Now we step into a room that at first glance, seems to be utter confusion, but there is a method here. In this room there are bins for each man in the prison, and this is the spot that they get their clean clothes from once a week. In different parts of this room, are the repair section, the sock-making machine, the office, and the storage department. Imagine 4,800 pairs of socks produced here in each year, and this by a guy that goes to bed Friday and has trouble getting up Monday, and still finds time to read three 'Luke Shorts' a day. There are three sewing machines in this department, handling all the repair work plus the manufacturing of all sheets and pillow cases --- enough to keep all three busy.

Now let's drop into the Barber Shop and get trimmed, and you will if you so much as stick your nose in the place. Here is the ultimate in tonsorial care. Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, said that the hair was the source of the brain's inspiration, and that the cutting of the hair increased intellectual capacity. So it is plain that we are doing our bit to help out. With four chairs in the shop, and 700 heads (all shapes and sizes) to keep trimmed, the Barbers are some times hard put to keep up. You notice I say sometimes, this is because since each shop or gang has a specific day and hour to have their bath and change clothes, get a haircut, and any repairs needed, and since some of the gangs are so much larger than others, we Barbers may have 40 men to trim in a given hour. Then we have to find customers for the next hour, but we manage and there are seldom (if any) complaints, not that it would do them any good to complain. They are steady customers, if nothing else, at 9,000 haircuts a year. I feel tired already.

Let's go now and have our weekly shower. There are shower stalls, and all, under the guidance of one man. He must keep them clean, and make sure that no one goes down the drain --- these guys are sneaky. This may sound like a smooth-running shop, but believe me it isn't. Not that it would take much to turn it into one with a little co-operation from the other departments, but??? 10,000 words could better illustrate the function of this place but, since space does not allow we hope you have a better idea of what it takes to run the Change Room.

NUTS AND I

russ fortin

Personal and collective communication has come a long way since the days of the caveman. Today we have many forms of communication that were undreamed of in that long ago age when one fur-clad savage first made known his thoughts to another like savage. We, the English speaking peoples, have the most fantastically complex language in the history of man --- Mandarin Chinese not withstanding. We have poetry and prose; the short-story and the novel; Radio, Television, Drama, Movies and many other forms of individual and collective communication. And then too we have Art.

Art is one of the most effective forms of communication extant, and the reason for it is this: Art is visual and is composed of one expression which can be scrutinized for as long a time as the viewer wishes. Thus the Artist is able to communicate fully to the viewer with whom he establishes rapport...

Nuts and I were discussing this the other day, and as all discussions with Nuts must, this one became a heated argument. I made the mistake of accusing the perpetrators of modern art of fraud. Nuts leaped to their collective defence. "Modern art," said he, "is not a fraud. It is as truly an expression of worth as anything that has ever been painted."

"But nobody understands it, Gaylord," I implored.

"That's because it's incomprehensible," he informed me.

"That's true," I granted grudgingly. "And that's what I mean when I say that nobody understands it."

"Modern art," continued Gaylord in a rather didactic manner, "is nothing more nor less than the artist's communication of this bewildering modern world. Nobody can understand the world of today because it is far too complex and accelerated a thing for mere man to understand. So the artist expresses that when he paints a bewildering picture. It may appear to be without form and meaning and singularly-lacking in purpose and direction but that is the way the artist --- and most other people as well -- see the world of today. So his painting isn't a fraud at all, but about as exact a description of what he feels as that thing you're always talking about, you know, the book."

"Naked Morning?"

"Yes, 'Naked Morning' is the one. Cassil communicated completely his feelings of bewilderment, didn't he?"

"Well, I think he did. He did to me, at least."

"Well," Gaylord went on, "Jackson Pollock communicates his feeling of confusion to me. You take Cassil and Salinger and I'll take Pollock. Don't say that it's fraud. You don't hear me saying that "The Catcher In The Rye" is a fraud do you?"

"No," I replied thoughtfully.

"Well," he said reprovingly. "Have some respect for Pollock then."

"I will, Gaylord," I promised.

"Okay," he said, "see that you do."

And that's how I learned to have respect for something that I don't understand. I don't understand Gaylord either, but nobody can say that I don't respect the silly old fool....

SEEN AND HEARD...

Newcomer JERRY LEBLANC was sitting in the BACK ROOM the other night, and was overheard telling CARL (Who Am I?) RUMOHR how cute his girl-friend is. Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it Carl?

Nuts and I read in the paper the other day that all convicts talk about in prison is S E X. But that's not true. Why, just the other-day we got caught in a cross-fire between Carl Rumohr, PHIL GALLANT, TED SNOWDEN, and VERN (Mr. President) LEVY, and all we heard for the next two hours concerned the relative merits of different guitars. I mentioned SEX to Blackie Wihnon one day just to get a conversation started and Blackie asked me what group made it famous....Actually, Blackie, there are these birds and these bees, see? And --- oh, never mind.

ALEX HOLLICK wants everybody to know that the rumour about his age which is currently making the rounds is entirely without foundation. "I'm only 26," Alex tells us. "Around the head," remarks ROY HOLLAND.

JERRY COLE and JOHN ERISON were overheard cutting up old scores, each one trying to outdo the other. Charlie Who, John?

JACK (the Mouser) FIELDHOUSE was overheard talking to JACKIE MILLER and CHARLIE (Fat Man) TAYLOR about his weight the other day. It seems that Mouse is going to begin dieting to drop some of that excess poundage picked up over the Christmas holidays. Could be it's just old age creeping up on you, Mouser...Jackie Miller tells us that he has problems. Wish I had a few like those, buddy...

What secret remedy has WARREN KELLOUGH found that has enabled him to grow hair on that billiard ball he calls a head?

By the way: NUTS and I wish all our readers a belated Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Better late than never, says Nuts. It's true...

MAURICE GOSSELIN, ROGER SAVARD and J.G. GAGNON have been giving me lessons in how to speak French. "Pour Les Corn-Flakes, Monsieur!"



INSIDE LOOKING OUT

DOUG BEVANS

The column last month was, I am told, slightly below par for what it is ostensibly dedicated to depict. The last four words of the previous sentence are not mine; they are the tools of the reviewer, my critic, who speaks with the authority of Webster and, for all intents and purposes, should have passed into limbo along with him.

"Inside Looking Out" is not, to my mind, "dedicated to depict" anything, in fact it's not even "dedicated". It is the informed statement of an average thief who is, by choice and diligent effort, a conscientious objector to almost everything, including, at the top of the list, the nauseous aspect of dedicated columns and dedicated columnists. I am keenly dedicated to absolutely nothing, save perhaps a cautious allegiance to the school of realism. I don't believe in Communism, Liberalism, Imperialism, Conservatism, Socialism, or Capitalism. I am a nihilist; I believe in Live-and-let-liveism, nothing more and nothing less; with just a small dash of Mindyourownbusinessism.

I am acutely pained in an unmentionable portion of my anatomy by brittle-eyed people who wordily pay lip service to their supreme dedication to some "great" or "humane" cause, and who, the louder and more eloquently they speak, unwittingly make their insincerity all the more transparent; they give their pity freely and without discrimination to every cause and person but the one that would most benefit by it; themselves. They are the "dedicated" ones, loving themselves for their "selflessness", breaking their arms patting themselves on the back, and begging for a left hook from the people who see so readily through them.

It has been my unfortunate and mournful lot to meet an infinite and universally sickening number of these screwballs in the short time that I have been around this planet, and I always feel itchy (loosely fousy) in their cloying presence. They bug me, pure and sim-

pls. Always it is the same refrain, the "Stop-the-world,-I'm-gonna-ban-the-bomb-and-save-humanity-because-I-love-everybody".... routine, sometimes with a few twisty variations thrown in but basically the same. Personally I would like to buy the first half of the action; I would like to "stop-the-world" and let them all get off. They are useless and they do tremendous harm.

There are sincere people in the world who cannot accomplish the good they set out to do simply because one of these "quacks" worms his or her way in; or has been there before, and goes on to subvert and undermine all the good that has been done, and wreck the prospects for good that could be done.

These "dedicated" people are found in virtually every field of endeavour on earth. They are found in business, industry, government, religious and social fields. And, not to be overlooked, they are found in the field of penology, too. Now, don't misunderstand me. I am not suggesting that because I am a convict I have a right to howl, or that I have been hard done by one of these specimens, or even that prisons get more than a fair share of these people. That is not the case at all. All I am saying is that penal services are not above the infiltrational level of this type of person. Prisons are not exempt from the undermining and poisonous effects of the insincere, and the results of the "good" they spread so liberally is just as disastrous here as anywhere else.

The people that I live with in here are men. They react no differently than other men, and the human reaction to insincerity is universally predictable; whether you happen to be in prison or not. They are suspicious, resentful and uninterested in anything that involves placing their faith in the sincerity of another person. They have usually had a gut full of phony-belonies, and they are not about to be caught again, then, now, or ever. The result is, naturally, that when someone who is really honest, who wants to help and knows how, comes along, and quite a number do, he is met with silence, cold and stony silence, an impenetrable wall, and all the good he might have done goes for nothing. He leaves here a disillusioned and angry man, blaming the prisoners because they are not even remotely interested in helping themselves reform. He, good man that he is, has probably never heard the expression, "Once bitten twice shy". I have, and so have the men I live with.

Well, another two pages of undedicated and unrestricted objections have been written. It is again time to lay aside the deadly pen and cast about for more worthy material for next month. Until then I remain, honest with Ravens and all who know him, "Inside Looking Out".

doug

Inquirer's Beat

The CANADIAN CORRECTION ASSOCIATION has recommended that prisoners be paid 20% of Union wages paid outside workers. What is your view?

JIMMY RUTLEY (Garage): I share mixed views to the question. A payment of this type would be a most welcomed advancement to the penitentiary providing it isn't used by the Prison Administration as a means to influence the conduct of inmates. If the circumstances governing such a plan kept in harmony with the inmate's well being, I would endorse such a proposal with great enthusiasm, however if there are too many strings attached my answer would be negative.

ART BROWN (Carpenter Shop): The suggestion to raise inmate wages in prison to 20% of the Union wage scales is realistic thinking. However it must correlate to definite purposes which guide the reform program. The guide-posts might be constructed to accomplish the needed purposes. A factor which must be realized, is the raising of standards of prison work to the standard of outside employment. There is a vital need, both for the inmate realizing a genuine sense of achievement and accomplishment as well as experiencing the learning of proper work habits. Unless a man learns a task, or a trade according to the standards expected of him in society, he will be in poor readiness 'to make it' upon release from prison. Present work standards in prison are so relatively low that they are seriously undermining the inmate training. In the same sense, they cause a defeat to expected reform. However, unless the inmate can feel that he is worth the output of his performance, he cannot be expected to perform to a level higher than he is given recognition for. For this reason, it is quite realistic and logical, as well as just, that the inmate be given an opportunity of earning respectable wages while in prison.

RED DERGO (Paint Shop): I think it's a step in the right direction alright, as far as helping an inmate financially upon release. And, speaking from past experiences, I don't think anyone knows better the "value of a buck" than a man being released with forty some odd dollars in his pocket, in the middle of the winter, "no place to go", and no job in sight. With the proposal of 20% union wages it could possibly carry him through an extra three or four weeks, or until he obtains a steady income. Fortunately, for myself, I have a place to go upon being released. But, how about the guy who is less fortunate?

Forty or fifty dollars nowadays, couldn't feed, clothe and provide a roof over his head for 20 days - let alone carry him through the winter. So, if the votes are being taken, you can mark me down for a YES.

DON WATSON (Tailor Shop): This recommendation sounded very good to me as it possibly did to many others. I could visualize many good things from this. The main one being, I think, that it would put me in a position on release of a certain amount of security being mine. At least if I didn't get a job the first week I was out, and after putting out a few dollars for work clothes and rent etc. I wouldn't have to worry about having to set up light housekeeping in a snow-bank--- at least for a while---because I would have a few dollars more than ordinarily. Looking at it from the Administration's side also, I think you may even see the quality of the work go up.

BUT...And it's a big BUT, on reading the article further I find a voice in the background saying we could also help contribute to our family's welfare while in here, and even make some restitution to the unfortunate people that we may have bilked. Now personally, I can't see this bit at all, because I think in my twisted way that the three years I am doing in here, this time, is restitution enough for the 'beef' I'm on. And, also, by the time you get your 20% for 5 or 6 hours 'honest labour', and buy the necessary articles you may need from the canteen, well I'm afraid your wife's Cadillac is going to go a little short of gas. And I won't advise the people who are waiting for restitution to hold their breath either; But this is only my opinion...

ROY HENDERSON (Change Room): The obvious answer to this question is yes! This would be one solution to the very ancient problem of releasing prisoners from penitentiaries with insufficient funds for re-establishment. Even when these men have an honest desire to go straight it is, in many cases, impossible because the money they receive under the present system is just not enough. A moment's reflection and you will see that; with clothes to buy, rent to pay and meals, regardless of how inexpensively we may live, the \$30.00 to \$60.00 we now receive will not keep us off the streets for more than one or two

cont'd. on next page

weeks. Any man released from prison, even though, he has looked forward to that day for many, many months, needs a week or two to realize he has actually made it and until such time as he adjusts, its lights, its cafes, its dance halls, and its women, let alone coming out money for rent, 80% of prisoners will be repeaters.

IRVIN PURDY (Shoe Shop): Very good! Not only for the inmate but for the public at large. Because it would mean a man on release would have more money, enabling him to live for several weeks outside while looking for a job, without having to steal. Further, a man doing most of a life sentence, would upon release be in a financial position to start a small business. Something many never achieve in life.

BILL C. Yes, I agree with the plan a 100%, that is all but 20% of wages paid. I say this for good reason. If a man is a tradesman and follows his trade in jail, why should he be worth now only 20% of what he is working for. I SAY ONLY IF A MAN IS A TRADESMAN. If in prison, a man, we will say learns a trade and on passing all exams is now qualified. Pay him the going rate; show him that he can earn more working than he ever stole in his life. Most men have a family, they could send what they earn home plus come out with more money. Men would see that they must know some trade to get by upon release. If an inmate sees another 'earning' the money paid, our prisons would soon see an 80% drop in men returning to prison.

ROY MILLER (Shop Accountants): This is my opinion for what it is worth. The majority of the inmates admitted in these institutions today have no qualifications in any trade. Therefore the Vocational Training System would have to be broadened; the production shops would have to be expanded in order that they could absorb the influx of inmates involved in vocational training. The Justice Dept., would then have to find outlets for the products manufactured as a result.

This could be accomplished, provided an agreement could be made with manufacturers and Trade Unions outside. In doing this the Justice Dept. would be conveying to the general public the fact that the ex-inmate has some qualifications and experience in a trade that will give him an opportunity to be absorbed in outside industry.

Wage increases could be regulated in much the same manner as the grading system used to-day. The inmate who has no trade, and wishing to learn one, could be given a minimum wage and gradually increased to 20% or even more, as he completes a Vocational Training period. He could then be absorbed into the production shop and given additional wage increases until he reaches, say 20% of union wages. This would

cont'd. on page 25



"Addcan" report

Seven months ago, six drug-addicts (here at H.A.) searching for a solution to their common problem, formed a group for the rehabilitation of addicts. A way of life. Here are some excerpts picked at random from the Add-Can Book of Minutes:

July 29, '64 "Why are addicts resentful and reluctant to accept help.. from professional people?"

July 29, '64 "We, as addicts, criminals and alcoholics, are the last to admit we are emotionally disturbed."

Aug. 13, '64 "With all this talk of legal drugs at our last meeting, I wonder if we haven't lost sight of our objective, which I think is to find a way of life free of drugs."

Sept. 17, '64 "It has been suggested to adopt a name that would be original and also acceptable to anyone with an addictive personality. The coined word "Add-Can" is suggested. (ADDict plus CANada)... Accepted.

Nov. 19, '64 "Meeting was an exhilarating and enlightening experience."

Nov. 19, '64 "Disassociation with known criminals and active addicts is a prime necessity. The constant need for thought at all times."

Dec. 10, '64 "The basic idea of the program is simple-written by addicts for addicts."

Dec. 10, '64 "I'm an addict and I want to do something about my problem."

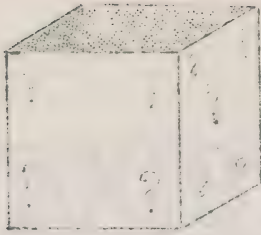
Dec. 23, '64 "...thought he was rather unique in that he was one addict who didn't touch booze. However; he found this not to be true as both...and...had no compulsion to use booze."

Dec. 31, '64 "Having a basic understanding of my drug problem....I feel I will have difficulty refraining from criminal thoughts and actions. This....will be one of my big tests."

Dec. 31, '64 "Each member, with the exception of....agrees that complete abstinence of all alcohol and barbiturates is necessary."

Jan. 7, '65 "To-nite is our first nite of group therapy and I have no idea how these programs are conducted and I don't believe anyone else does."

(Selected by PATHFINDER staff.)



"A BOX A PUZZLES"

fred stevenson

S
H
S T O R Y
R
T

It all came about one morning last month. I was seated at my fold-away desk in my cell cooling a steamin' cup a cawfee. Over the years I'd developed the habit of chucking live cigarette butts into my toilet bowl which sat close by. I never missed. But I guess this particular morning we had bacon and eggs or something out of the ordinary.. And I got somewhat over-energetic when I flung the soggy ended butt away - it landed on the wall with a "splat" well above the level of of the bowl!

Suddenly a shiny brown figure like a varnished pint-size elephant-with double trunks, darted out from behind my hanging shelf on the wall. It was making a bee-line for the butt I stuck on the wall! "No sireee..cockroach you ain't taking no puff on that," I argued.

In what wasn't a very athletic attempt I reached for my curling broom, my elbow caught the brim of a full cup of coffee which sent one voluminous brown wave, sweeping across the surface of my cupboard. Hot Java, urged me to a vertical position...I had declared war on the cockroach.

In a blind rage I set my broom sights between the culprit's antennae and started a murderous swing. The broom came half-way to the target, bringing with it a light cord which dangled from the ceiling, plus the "40 watter" and shade, which I had fashioned to serve as a cover for my aquarium.

I imagine the Guppies in the tank, had a few bitter sneers to exchange with the pocket books, photos of my ex-wife and assortment of things that so boldly treaded into their home - I couldn't tell. Because the light bulb, in its return flight had made a crash landing against the leg of my table!

During the outburst of curses and clatter, the varmint had taken refuge somewhere among my personal things on the shelf from which it had originally sprinted.

On the shelf were a number of cardboard boxes, containing items that I doubt would interest you. At any rate, they were stored at a height level with my nose.

My attention shifted to one particular box which contained a mixture of puzzles. From within I could detect an obvious rustling, assuring me I had pin-pointed my fleeing menace. It was a strange sound, a steady patter of crisp footfalls. Or was it raining outside? No, it couldn't be - this was mid-winter.

Minutes flew by...I stood there fully armed with my curling broom, prepared for the unexpected, I came out of a dizzy blur asking myself one significant question:

"Jeepers, Steve, you can't be skeered?" I was talking to myself!

"Go ahead, open the damn box and flush whatever's in it down the drain!" To test my return of courage, I whacked the box a couple of good blows. It brought more results than I had bargained for, somebody was standing at my barred door! I guess I felt as foolish as I looked.

"What's the matter, you a bug or something?" he said.

"A bug..? A bug..Hey that's my whole problem." I beamed, "Just a greasy old bug!"

He stared at me in bewilderment.

"Say friend," I pleaded, "Can you loan me a match or two?" I sure wanted to look in the box.

"Oh, No!" he ordered, "Can't have my friends burning themselves out. Heck, man, get a hold of yourself. I'll go get the Doc...just see you'll be O.K." He left muttering something about 'tensed up' kid to the fellow next door to me.

That done it! First a foe causes this wreckage, now my buddy turns rat on me.

It was then I noticed the golden streams of light that poured through the steel door. I functioned like a man with constructive purpose. I grabbed the box, peeled back a portion of the cover, and set the box in line with the skimpy shred of light. For a moment I was petrified with horror and fear.

Halfway down the interior of the box I saw a jumble of cockroaches break out of a huddle and form a line across the inside.

Side by side, they numbered at least twenty-five.

Their feelers quivered impatiently. And they cocked their powerful jaws ready to chomp down anything that dared invade their security. This must be their attack formation.

I wasn't waiting for no bugle call that would hasten my trip to boot-hill. With one motion I had closed the cover, pounced on it with my thick coat and tied it up securely, applying the last Granny Knot as a guard opened my door. He waited until his flabby midriff jellied to a halt from the lengthy climb to my cell, then he said with much caution--

(continued on page..27)



Farm Corner

Danny
Hadden.

Howdy, everyone. Well here I am again with another report from the Farm Camp. Last month, if you will recall, I made a statement to the effect, that I could out-curl the likes of Ray Workman, Don Kolot, Chuck Taylor and Ernie Richardson. That statement still stands until proven otherwise. However, shortly after making that boastful statement, we ran a little Bonspiel in which there were six rinks entered. The draw was made up 'A' and 'B' event style, whereby, if you lost in 'A' event you dropped down to 'B' event. The 'spiel' was a gala affair that resulted in what you might call a 'dark horse' winning it. Noel Stevens, a quiet sort of a chap, skipped his rink to the winners circle of 'A' event. Barry Dixon managed to curl his way to top place in 'B' event. Both these boys proved to be decent sort of curlers and were deserving of their wins. Robbie Robertson, our new camp barber, along with Cowboy Jack Lauder, who recently came out to the camp with rather impressive curling records from inside the wall, curled in the Bonspiel together, with Robbie skipping, and never won a game. Camp plumber and fish man, Gene Delaney, who is a fairly good curler, had a seven-ender layed on him to lose out. To wind up this topic on curling, perhaps I should be a good sport and mention that my own rink never won a game!

A dart tournament consisting of eight three-man teams was recently held out here at the camp, and the team, captained by Don Cook, walked off with top honours. Eddy Deschamps won 2nd prize and Big John Sarich, the camp strong-man, heaved his teams way up to the 3rd and final prize.

Bob Schnell and his buddy, Billy Featherstone, who do a mighty

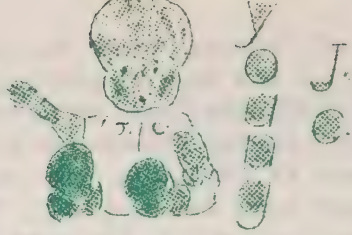
fine job of looking after the cows in the dairy barn where they work, have found a new way of passing away these cold wintery evenings. Bob got a few of the boys interested in playing 'Broom-Ball' and they are entered in the 'Broom-Ball' League from town. All their games are played here at camp. As of this date, they have played two games having lost both 2-0 and 2-1. But the boys really enjoy the game and are having fun, which I'm sure is the main thing. Billy, and several other fellows have been spending their evenings counting cows! That's right, counting cows. Remember seeing that large picture a few weeks ago in the Week-End magazine showing a very large herd of cows? The idea of the picture is a cow-counting contest. Everyone who can send in the correct number in the picture can win \$5,000.00. So it is little wonder they are really trying to come up with the correct answer.

Somehow or another, word got around that Shorty Logan and several others were having a tough time with the flu. Mr. Pepper, tailor shop Officer (Shorty's old boss) came out here to the camp to visit Shorty who was supposed to be sick in bed from working in the cold, damp, root cellar. I am very happy to report here that Shorty is enjoying life out here and never looked or felt better. George Sperling, camp electrician, has taken over as coach and manager of the hockey team and is doing quite well.

I'M not quite sure who started it all, but whoever it was sure started something. Just about everyone in camp is making a table or T.V. lamp out of twisted willow trees. These lamps when finished, look mighty fine indeed. The boys who work down by the river, on the bush gang, bring the trees to camp with them. The other day I was sitting in my workshop at the end of the Farm Camp building, and I saw the bush gang coming down the road. Every man on the gang was carrying a long twisted willow tree over his shoulder like a club, cave-man style. John Read and others have really gone overboard-making these lamps. John started out by saying he was making only one to send home. However, six lamps later, he is still going strong and when he is going to stop, the good Lord only knows. As a matter of fact, I think John is getting a little lamp happy.

Another John, John Rafter, has started to work in the kitchen and is now lifting weights, he says he is too skinny and wants to put on a few dozen lbs. Ron Daly and Gene Delaney, two tubby boys, started out on a weightlifting spree a few weeks ago to lose weight. Gene hurt his back and had to quit; Ron quit too, saying he is going to wait for Gene to get better. I have my doubts if either of these two gents will ever start lifting weights again....Well friends, this is all the news I have for this time....So until next month.....So long.

LOOKING BACK



All the readers want to be writers, and all the writers would be quite content to sit back and read someone else's attempts at literary understanding and expression. Being a convict of good standing; plus a member of our local publishing staff, I am going to indulge in a little retrogressive rambling concerning our present home.

The first time the front gate slammed on my backside was way back in the winter of '49---a good year for prisons. Institutions like this were entering into an enlightened era, the Archambault Report was being read by the powers that were, and some immediate action was forthcoming, to ease conditions in regards to food, work, recreation and of course, rehabilitation. This was back in '49! Sound familiar?

In those days you were admitted, bathed in creosote, had your head shaven, given a number to carry the length of your stay, told what cell to take for the time-being, until you were given a job; then you moved onto the range your shop occupied, and settled down to doing your time. The monotony of your day-to-day life was broken each evening by a bull-voiced member of the staff reading yesterday's newspaper to you, exclusive, of course, of any items concerning crime. Our recreation period was spent playing ball with a sock and a pick handle, or a speeded up version of floor hockey, on a rink about $\frac{3}{4}$ regulation size with foot high boards, and neck deep snow banks as a back drop. These games left a lot to be desired regarding equipment and facilities; however the pleasure gained from playing, offset any handi-cap created by conditions. They were real knock 'em-down-drag' off affairs. Sportsmanship was observed by all and practiced by every man playing.

Food as we all know is a very integral part of any man's existence regardless of what his circumstances may be. In a prison food is even more important, a well fed man has a little less inclination to complain about conditions in general; than the man who has pangs of hunger, gnawing away at his innards, twenty-four hours a day. Certainly the meals were nothing to write home about; however what was served was well cooked and came on time. A man had no opportunity to purchase any added staples from a canteen, but then it wasn't really needed.

My first and only place of employment was the tailor-shop - everyone worked on a quota. Once you had completed your set number of shirts, pants, or what have you, the remaining time was free, and usually spent in an effort to improve the appearance of yourself and your friends. All gangs lined up in the dome for the count before going to their respective shops or jobs. A man would have to be blind to miss the tailor-shop, pegged trousers and padded coats gave the whole shop away. The well dressed look went with the tailors just as sure as the well fed appearance gave a kitchen hand away. All interest seemed to center on your shop, it's various hockey and ball teams and, of course, "How long you had left." What ever became of the old ticket of leave? Did anybody ever get one?

Rehabilitation was as frequent a topic of conversation as the Prairie Farm Act. You were left to your own ends in this matter. The thought seemed to be, well, this is a prison, if you don't have enough brains to stay the hell out; then as long as you're here, you'll obey all the rules and behave yourself. One of the favourite expressions bandied about by the staff was, "Idle hands lead to trouble," so, as long as you fulfilled your quota and appeared to be acquiring the work habit you were considered well on the road to rehabilitation. Of course what you did in your spare time, which was spent almost entirely locked in your cell, was up to the individual. He was expected to keep his thoughts simon-pure and not indulge in any activities detrimental to his health or the security of our institution. After going through this intensive and concentrated form of rehabilitative training, for the entire length of his sentence, a man was given a set of obvious prison made clothes, ten dollars, a hand shake from the warden, and sent forth to sin no more.

Next month we will climb ahead five or six years, and take a look at penal progress from the recipients point of view. ADIEU
(Inquirer's Beat--Continued from page 18)
give the inmate more incentive to learn a trade.

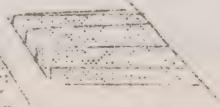
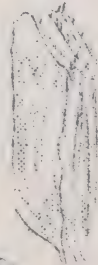
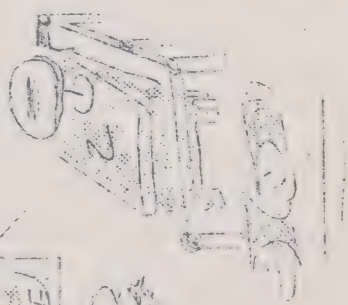
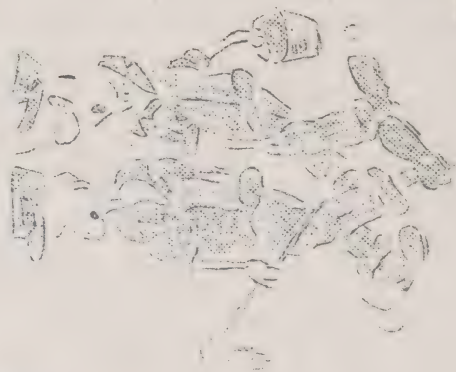
A major part of the earnings should be put into compulsory savings. In doing this, a man when released would have enough money to sustain him without having to rely on welfare agencies until finding employment.

Commissioner of Penitentiaries A.J. McLeod stated at a news conference that upon release, a man is given clothing, a train ticket, and \$10.00 pocket money. I believe that the majority will agree, that if a man has enough funds and better employment opportunities, he will not become a burden on the public.

If the Canadian Correction Association are sincere then this can be accomplished.

DO NOT BE SCARED
NEW FISH COMIN IN!
JYKSY'S PUSHEN
RUGS AGAIN.

FLYING
RUGS
FOR SALE!



"There's nothing wrong here eh lad?"

"No - No officer" I replied. But I would like to request a small favour...I am sure it won't inconvenience you nohow."

"Sure, sure, lad." he replied cheerfully, knowing he didn't have to contend with a berserk madman...which he had strongly suspected prior to my request, "Anything within reason."

I had placed my fish tank on a fold-away chair and handed the lot to him.

"Do you mind hauling this down to the dome....You see Officer I'm moving out!"

"Yes, I see," he said, anxious to be relieved of the two gallon burden. He wobbled away.

Four storeys below my mattress landed with one big "whoof". With the versatility of a monkey I climbed down the steel rails to the main floor, picked up my mattress and calmly strolled to the central dome. I was selecting a vacant cell on the list, when a puffing figure closed in behind me.

"Huh...!" he exclaimed in surprise, "How'ja git down here so fast? I allowed him time to set the fish tank on the floor.

"Come down with a sheet," I said, still gazing fixedly at vacancies on the list, a non-convincing grin spread across his mug. "You see it's quite simple" I added, "take two corners of a sheet in one hand, do the same with the other. Hold the sheet high above your head and merely jump. The sheet acts as a parachute..it's like coming down a modern elevator."

As he weighed these facts with reality, I said "You ought to try it sometime, Boss, it's real cool. When you get to the bottom, I'll guarantee you'll never feel a thing."

The officer in charge of cell placements said; "Sure, go ahead and move in that one."

Now that things are back to normal again, I often wonder about the fate of my coat, or the new tenant in my old bungalow?

I'm more concerned about my 'benny', though I guess I could do without the box a puzzles!

-----0-----

"M-m-m, I see you have a prison record. Sorry, but I can't hire you." Like a cracked record the words beat a staccato upon the brain as soles become thinner and thinner. When the ads are exhausted, dark thoughts foment, "What's the use?...May as well take the line of least resistance...Nobody gives a hang...What I'd give for just one friendly hand...One 'Glad you're back'.

(Via - THE INSIDER)

PENAL PRESS

dave straker

STOCKADE - Pentridge Prison, Coburg, Victoria, Australia.

An excellent Publication with a fine definitive view of prison life "Down Under". Your articles on 'Decimal Currency' and 'A Night Train to Kalgoorlie' in your July-August issue were especially enjoyed.

MESSENGER - State Pen. Box 911, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

The quality of your magazine is axiomatic! Needless to say, parole statistics can be mathematically manipulated to suit the occasion; there appears to be quite a gap between the 'short-timers' and the 'lifers'.

THE TELESCOPE - Kingston Pen. Box 22, Kingston, Ontario.

Great Balls of Fire! Ol' Reno does a crazy, way out column---like, 'The Rhythm Room'. In fact, it is so far out - it's in! Kind of nice to see the technical points covered too. Very well written! Plaudits also, of course, to the rest of the staff of one of Canada's finest Penal Publications.

MARION MESSENGER - Federal Pen. Box 1000, Marion, Illinois.

Speaking about covers - your's must rank as one of the best, along with THE ENCHANTED NEWS. We wholeheartedly agree with you on Penal Press Exchange. The feature seems to be on the decline rather than on the uprise. How come....?

THE ENCHANTED NEWS - State Pen. Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Plumb run out of superlatives! How's your ego!!!

TIME AND TIDE - Box 25, Lorton, Virginia.

We, along with many others, also enjoyed your visit with 'Ella'.

Ed's Note: Our files seem to be void of 'British Isles' Penal Publications; also-Dannemora, Folsom, Sing Sing, San Quentin and McNeill Island. How about it fellas?

A KING'S RANSOM

by

Jack W.

He lived the life of a self-made king,
His world was a wild and wondrous thing,
He walked the street with his head held high,
And viewed the drunk with contemptuous eye.

He prided himself that he could drink,
And scoffed at those who told him they think
He is spending too much time at the bar;
For his business was good, he had come quite far.

Each day at the club — eat earlier now —
To drink with the boys who really knew how.
Discussing the world and business well done,
While the rounds came one by one.

One day he awoke, much to his dismay,
To find that his business had fallen away.
Along with the business went the boys at the club,
Who cast him aside like a fine cigar stub.

Month after month, on into the years,
His family lived with heartfelt tears.
To see the one they loved so well,
Sink deeper and deeper into this liquid hell.

Although a little late to keep him from prison,
He has found a group and his hopes have risen.
That with God's help and the fellowship of A.A.
A decent sober life will be his day by day.

That he is me, for I am an alcoholic.

Via THE ALCONAIRE, State Penitentiary, Sioux Falls, S.D.

From:-

**PATHFINDER
P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT,
SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.**



**TO:- Miss Judy Hardy,
Centre of Criminology,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ont.**

Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department,
Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.